

RESTORATION

VOL. IX.

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No. 1.

The Sacred Heart of Jesus The Book of the Elect

By The Most Rev. John C. Cody
Bishop of London

On Mount Sinai Almighty God wrote the ten commandments of FEAR on two tables of stone. Why then did He not also write down in the New Law the two great Commandments of LOVE? When a book or even a single manuscript from the hand of Jesus would have been so prized by all generations, why did the Savior leave the writing of His teaching to inspired historians?

The Prophet Ezechiel gives the answer. From the hand of God he received a book filled with bitter words and was told to eat it at once: "Open thy mouth and eat what I give thee. And I looked and behold a hand was sent to me wherein was a book rolled up and He spread it before me and it was written within and without; and there were written in it lamentations, canticles and woe." (Ez., 2, 8-9). What a wonderful book, bitter and sweet at the same time, for the Prophet adds: "I did eat and it was sweet as honey in my mouth." (Ez., 3, 3).

Bitter And Sweet

St. Jerome, the greatest scriptural scholar of all time, remarks that this book is an emblem of the crucified Savior Jesus Christ, and that it refers especially to His Sacred Heart, which is the Book of the Elect wherein are "all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge;" a book wherein are many bitter things, the long sad story of Jesus' sufferings, yet sweet too when we devour it by devout meditation for it tells the wonderful story of Jesus' unlimited love for us, and is therefore our greatest consolation.

This unique, this divine book, was promised by God the Father; and its author is the Holy Ghost; for Jesus "was conceived by the Holy Ghost." It was "written within and without" that is decreed from all eternity in the bosom of the Blessed Trinity, and in the fullness of time "written without" that is decreed from all eternity in the bosom of the Blessed Trinity, and in the fullness of time "written without" that is given to us poor sinners.

Bright Red Ink

Its beautiful cover is the Sacred Humanity of Christ which concealed beneath its humble appearance all the glory of the divinity. It was written with bright red ink, the like of which had never been seen before: the Most Precious Blood of Jesus. It was written on Calvary on the heavy press of the Cross. It was printed in peculiar lettering which the most ignorant as well as the most learned could read with equal facility; for this love-story was written indelibly in the numberless scars and wounds which Jesus endured for us.

Each wound is like an eloquent mouth crying out to God the Father to have mercy upon us poor sinners; but at the same time crying out pleadingly to us: "See how much I have loved you; how much are you going to love Me in return?"

God the Father opened this book of life publicly on the pulpit of the Cross when one of the soldiers pierced Jesus' side with a lance, and he read it so well that Tradition tells us he was converted and loved Jesus with his whole heart.

May the beloved apostle John and Mary Immaculate who read this sacred book so perfectly help us all to peruse it fruitfully throughout our lives!

Return Postage Guaranteed
MADONNA HOUSE,
Combermere, Ontario, Canada

COMBERMERE DIARY

First off, we would like to send New Year's greetings to all our friends and benefactors and readers, and trust that this year, which follows the Year of Mary in 1954 and the year of Joseph in 1955, will be a spiritually profitable one for all.

Let's see — where did we stop the last time? It seems to me we had told you about our wonderfully happy Silver Jubilee Celebration, and, in scanning our day-to-day calendar, we are amazed to note a continual flow of week-end visitors that we had had constantly through the fall and winter. A few years back, after Labor Day had passed, Madonna House settled down to a quiet fall. But not so this year. Our average has been at least 15 visitors each week-end.

The Short Course

From October 1st to December 1st, there was held what we call our "Short Course" of study, with an hour's lecture in the morning and another hour in the evening. Some of the subjects this year were Liturgy, the Mass, the Evangelical Counsels of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience, and a number of excellent lectures on Mental Health.

This latter part of the program was augmented by some wonderful movies that are obtainable from the National Film Board of Canada and the Canadian Film Institute, on subjects like "Feelings of Hostility," "Over-Dependency," "Depressions," "Feelings of Rejection." Then, of course, there were our reading-lists to be gotten through. So we found the fall a truly busy time.

The Calendar tells us that on October 23rd, 15 members of the Regis Club of Kingston, Ont., spent a happy Sunday with us, and the same week brought a visitor from Greenland in the person of Anna MacDonald; while the Guest Register shows addresses from Windsor, Ont., and Utica, New York, during the same time.

The first week of November has a roster of 26 guests, and a very pleasant surprise when one of them turned out to be Corporal Robinson of the Canadian Army, from Whitehorse in the Yukon Territory!

My Sister Eileen

Under date of November 19th, we welcomed our first Little Sister of the Poor of Charles de Foucauld in the person of Little Sister Eileen Walsh.

You might be interested in what were listed as "Special Intentions" for our prayers for that month. We have "welfare for Father Pat Dwyer for surgery," "repose of the soul of Tommy Wren" (Eddie's dear friend from Chicago), "thanks-giving for substantial donations to the kitchen fund," "success of Eddie's second operation," "thanks-giving for four Slaves of Mary."

Of course, the highlight of November was the wedding of Kelvin MacDougall and Frances Dahm on Saturday, November 26 — the day before Advent. After the Nuptial Mass the wedding breakfast was served at Madonna House in the main refectory, which had been decorated with blue and white streamers — the colors of Our Lady.

The Advent Wreath, freshly decorated with greens, purple ribbons, and its four candles began to remind us of the preparation for the Feast of Christmas.

We missed B and Eddie during the two weeks of his hospital stay, and were glad to welcome B back after her lecture in Toronto on



Our Lady of
Combermere

BISHOP ASKS RECRUITS FOR MADONNA HOUSE

By Most Rev. J. L. Coudert, O.M.I.
Tit. Bishop of Rhodiapolis, and
Vicar Apostolic of Whitehorse

For 25 years Baroness Catherine de Hueck, now Mrs. Ed. Doherty, has endeavored to bring Christ closer to the poor in the midst of almost insuperable difficulties in cities such as Ottawa, Toronto, New York, Chicago as well as in the rural district of Combermere in Ontario.

Her admirable work is now expanding; and the Staff Workers, trained under her vigilant care, have gone as far as the distant prairies of Alberta, and the Indian and mining fields of the Yukon.

The splendid work accomplished by the Staff Workers of Mary House in Whitehorse and the genuine Christian Charity radiating from their self-sacrificing apostolate, should be a source of inspiration to all true followers of Christ, and make them realize that much remains to be done to alleviate the physical and moral needs of the members of the Mystical Body of Christ.

May generous boys and girls, men and women, listen to the urgent appeal of Christ and His Immaculate Mother and join the ranks of the Staff Workers at Combermere for a greater expansion of their charitable work throughout Canada and as far as the most remote confines of the Yukon.

Such are my sincere wishes on this Silver Jubilee of that great work.

the first of December, and even more happy when the doctor permitted Eddie to return home on December 7th — in time for the lovely Feast of the Immaculate Conception. On that day we were privileged to attend Solemn High Mass in our Chapel, and to welcome our new Staff Worker Applicants, who will begin their Probationary period on January 6th, and likewise to welcome on the same day four new fellow Slaves of Mary.

In closing, as we prepare for Christmas, we overheard Mary Ruth say that they were well past the 2,000th present wrapped; and the kitchen gives us the following statistics: 200 dozen cookies baked, 26 fruit cakes, and 16 steam puddings.

Isn't it nice that so many nice people make it possible for us to make the Christ in so many others so happy? God bless you all.

Blame Me Not

You call me Master, and obey me not.

You call me Light, and see me not.

You call me Way, and walk in me not.

You call me Life, and desire me not.

You call me Wise, and follow me not.

You call me Fair, and love me not.

You call me Rich, and ask me not.

You call me Eternal, and seek me not.

You call me Gracious, and trust me not.

You call me Noble, and serve me not.

You call me Mighty, and receive me not.

... If I condemn thee, blame Me not.

Letter To The Editor

(Reprinted by permission of
the writer)

Dear Friends — You have written several times about my lapsed subscription to Restoration so I decided to take you at your word and let you in on why I haven't re-subscribed.

For about the first 8 issues I just got nothing out of it at all. Maybe it was me. Maybe I was too complicated to appreciate its simplicity. Maybe, too, it was because I receive several other spiritual publications, or because yours didn't happen to deal with my particular needs of the time. It did strike me that your particular style was different from my way of thinking, though I believe both were good. So, I began not getting around to read it.

Beginning with this summer's issues however, things seem to have changed. I don't know why. All I know is that I have enjoyed immensely the letters from your Edmonton establishment and Eddie's column (because of its wisdom and popular language) and What We Do at Madonna House because of its comprehensive spirituality. I like the letters from Edmonton because they show the goodness of God.

I know you will understand that even when I wasn't liking the paper I was completely convinced of the truth of your apostolate and of its goodness in the way it was carried out.

But now I do want you to re-enter my subscription for Restoration so I can hear what else God does at Edmonton and be reminded of your spirituality, your way of going to God, and also to have it to show to others who may be interested. I am therefore enclosing a cheque to cover the fee plus a donation to Madonna House. This last is in honor of Blessed Martin. Please pray to him for me. Sincerely in Our Lady, Lois Waechter.

EMINENT PSYCHIATRIST PRAISES MODERN NURSE

By Dr. Karl Stern

The modern hospital and present day medicine in general are outstanding examples of a conflict and a dualism which pervades our entire present time, i.e. the conflict between technique and humanism.

Many present-day thinkers, for example Gabriel Marcel and Albert Camus in France, Max Picard in the German speaking countries, and Father Bede, in his recent book, "The Golden Cord" in England, and many others, draw our attention to the fact that in the tremendous technical progress which we have made in the past century, there is an inherent danger of dehumanization.

Applied to medicine that means the statement I made in the beginning, namely that modern medicine, and particularly the present-day hospital, is a prototype of that conflict of which we all are aware, namely, that there exists a gap between technique and humanism, and that modern man is somewhat in the position of the sorcerer's apprentice, namely, that the machinery of our time has gotten the better of us.

Many people who are suspicious toward technical progress as such harbor romantic nostalgia for the medieval hospital, or for the work of a Florence Nightingale. They forget that with today's technique an enormous number of people can be helped within an astonishingly short time.

Is Technique Evil?

I think it would be completely wrong to reject technique and progress for some romantic, sentimental reasons. In other words, some of the authors who speak of that conflict between technique and humanism give us at times the impression that technique in itself, and technical progress in itself, are evil and antihumanistic. I do not agree with that.

But nevertheless, when we apply the observations to medicine there is one point in which they are completely right. The modern hospital has become so STREAMLINED and efficient that there is a great danger that the patient becomes a cog in a big machine.

His history is incorporated in a record. His chemical examinations are done routine. In the case of Psychiatry he is being tested by psychologists and some of his personality features are shown in curves and in formulas. We inject things into him and we measure what comes out of him, not only in physical terms but also in mental terms.

Name Or Number?

In the end, very often unconsciously, in our mind the patient is reduced to a set of papers, histories, graphs and formulas. A human being becomes a number. It is characteristic that even the diagnostic categories today are classified with number systems.

With this there is the danger that our relationship to the patient becomes depersonalized. The more we treat a patient as a set of formulas, the more he becomes stripped of the mystery and uniqueness of the personality. The fate of our patient in some of the modern hospitals reminds me of a story of two beggars who came to a very magnificent department store.

One of them says: "I'd like to go in here; I'm sure I'm going to get some money." He goes in there and begs at one of the counters. He receives a red slip with a number on it, and is sent to a cashier. At the cashier's place he gets a rubber stamp and is sent, with a green slip, to another counter. With the green slip and the number on it, he has to go to a man in the office. The man in the office gives him a blue slip which sends him to the doorman. And the doorman throws him out into the street.

When he meets his friend outside the latter asks him what happened and he says: "I didn't get a thing. But the organization is marvelous!"

The Old Routine

Of course, there is no absolute parallel between this story and that of the patient in the modern hospital. The patient always gets something even if it is only in the shape of some form of material help. But where our story actually applies is that we all, and none of us is an exception to this, are in danger of treating the patient in a routine way so that the organization becomes more important than the human contact. Thus I have to come back to

The Mind of Pope Pius XII On Psychiatry

"... If mental health enjoys such esteem in Catholic thought and practice, it is only right that the Church looks with satisfaction at the new paths being opened by psychiatry in this postwar period. It knows that the recovery of a spirit from insanity, whether by prevention or by cure, is like the first step toward gaining him for Christ. For it affords him the possibility of becoming for the first time a conscious and active member of His Mystical Body, or of returning to such active membership from an atrophied, inert condition."

"That mental health is one of the fundamental goods from the viewpoint of nature is obvious. But, it is just as clear that such health is also fundamental in the religious and supernatural sphere. In fact, the full development of religious values and of Christian sanctity in a soul is inconceivable, if a man does not start out with a healthy mind, well-balanced in its activities. On the other hand, it is equally certain that no physical defect or impairment can hinder the achievement of the most exalted sanctity. Is it really necessary to recall the great esteem in which mental health is held in Christian thought and practice? All that Sacred Scripture says in praise of Wisdom and of mere human wisdom—which is to be preferred to physical strength, to kingdoms, to riches (cf. Wisdom vi. 1 and pass.)—is an implicit affirmation of the importance of psychical presuppositions, or rather of mental health..."

In this dilemma I feel that the nurse is in a key position. During her course of nursing, and particularly during her course of psychiatric nursing, she has learned a tremendous amount of scientific data and technical rules. However, she is in a position, perhaps more than anybody else, to supply the patient with something which he needs even more than all technical efficiency, namely, humanity.

A Nurse Is Human

The nurse, though the patient may be unaware of it, is a mother figure or a sister figure. It is no coincidence that the words "mother" and "sister" have been applied to the ancient nursing orders in the Middle Ages.

No matter how brilliant one's scientific and technical knowledge may be, so far as psychiatric nursing is concerned, one must never lose sight of that other role of the nurse, particularly nowadays when the dehumanizing forces are so strong in western civilization.

We all have to see that we are not engulfed by them as the sorcerer's apprentice was. I know many nurses from my personal contact, and I cannot think of any group which is more able to

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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

Imagery surrounds us on all sides during these weeks of the old and the new year. It is as if God Himself stooped to our childishness and taught us His immense verities in pictures. Pictures of beauty unsurpassed. Vivid with life. Filled with color. Easy to understand for child and adult. Profound beyond the ken of human intelligence. Yet bringing faith to all who have eyes to see.

A young virgin. A just man. A long journey across a gracious, colorful, and scenic land. A tiny village. Cold snow. Or piercing winds. Or both. A cave. Loneliness, shared but with animals. The birth of a baby, Mystery infinite, for He is also God! The loneliness shattered for a moment, even as the deep reverend silence of night and star, by choirs of angels. Then—the voices of humble shepherds!

Kings journeying across hills, deserts, and luxuriant valleys. Bearing precious gifts that entrance the imagination of men — Gold, myrrh, and frankincense. And, before that, the ritual shedding of the first drops of His Precious Blood.

So vivid is the story painted by God in His revealed words that centuries have only enhanced its endless beauty. It seems we should be filled with it . . . steeped in it so completely that it would fill our days from Christmastide to Christmastide — until we began to understand the secret of Crib and Cross and make it our own.

But no! A few days the enchantment of Truth, told so graphically, so simply, holds us enthralled . . . and then . . . it vanishes . . . to reappear only for a little moment again . . . next year. Why?

Is it because we are afraid of the sign of the manger? Is it because somehow we know — perhaps by association of ideas — that its narrow wood changes shape, and becomes, instead of a cradle, a CROSS? The passing years have brought the shadow of the cross so close to us at times that fear has entered our hearts forever — and we know but of one desire . . . to run away from shadow and substance . . . to flee from THE CROSS.

How foolish of us! For both crib and cross are keys to joy infinite, peace unsurpassable, and happiness uncomprehensible. For both lead to love . . . and love leads to an empty tomb, the symbol of Resurrection — our one, only, and final goal . . . our complete and final one-ness with LOVE, WHO IS GOD.

Simple is a Child. Simple was His virgin mother and His foster father. Simple with the profundity of faith and love. Simple was the life of the Carpenter of Nazareth. Simple His death.

Simplicity is then what we must seek in these our "complex days." All mysteries become clear to the "simple" — the pure of heart.

But we, whose eyes have so long looked at neon lights . . . fluorescent lights . . . artificial lights . . . have forgotten . . . or did we ever learn? . . . the soft radiant light of a star shining in the night . . . leading us, as it did the Magi, to the Infant Child.

Complex are our lighting systems. More complex are we. Simplicity, child-likeness . . . is foreign to us. And so the imagery of Christmastide, which alone has roots in reality, escapes us. We delight in it for a moment, and then forget it. And once more we clutter our hearts with the waters of putrid streams of worldness and chaos. How then will they ever become PURE . . . and pass their simple purity unto our "sight" . . . so that beholding once the Lord — an Infant . . . we shall never let Him go?

Lord, that
I may see
The Star
And Thee,
In utter
Clarity!

Lord, that
I may
Hold
The wood
Of Crib and Cross
Joyously!

Lord, that
I may
Understand
The Immensity
And the Simplicity
Of Thee,
A Child!

Eddies of 1956

By Eddie Doherty

I came down from the operating room with a new life — but one not entirely my own. They rolled me out of the stretcher into the bed. I opened my eyes and ears for a few moments. And the new life immediately began.

I saw my wife. I saw my nurses. I heard a beloved voice on the telephone. I heard my wife laughing at something I knew must be a tremendous jest. A jest is magnified by happiness. And she was radiantly happy, because I was still alive.

"Do you know what feast day this is?" she asked.

Stone Cut Stone

I had a hazy recollection that it was not the feast of the Presentation of Our Lady, the day first scheduled for destoning my right kidney. It was a few days later, I thought; but I wasn't sure. "What feast day is it?" I asked.

I didn't particularly care. But I wanted to go along with the joke. Catherine had suffered that operation with me; but she hadn't been given the mercy of ether. It was good to see her relaxed now, released, full of joy and fun.

"It's the feast of St. Clement," she said, "the patron of stone cutters!"

I was in stitches, but I managed to laugh with her.

So the new life began with love and laughter, and with sincere thanks to St. Clement, and to Our Lady and her Father, Son, and Spouse — and to the surgeon, Dr. J. W. Long, and the nurses and the nurses, and all the other saints and angels in and around the Pembroke General Hospital.

Death Says To Me

I had had an interview with death, up there in the operating room; but it had been brief. And it had been pleasant. I did not find him the grim and merciless destroyer men have painted him. I found him kind, pleasant, even benevolent. He smiled and shook his head at me. He was much too busy to concern himself with me now. "But I'll be seeing you," he promised. And he gave me his blessing as he turned to go.

Perhaps it was that blessing that made the new life so wonderful, so full of joy and spice and savor and appreciation and gratitude and love!

I woke, late at night, and saw the full pale glory of the moon, the night watchman of the skies. He was merely making his nightly rounds, as he had done for untold thousands of years. But never had he seemed so bright, so mysterious, so obviously the disciplined, plodding, changeless yet ever-changing creature of God!

The stars high up over the garish lights of the city were new too, despite the ages they could claim. And the world outside my window was new, and beautiful — and even more eloquent of God than moon or stars.

New Life In The Eggs

And there was a new taste in the food, when the time came for me to eat again. Even the eggs had charms.

There was once a time when I used to sing my egg song every morning. It went to the tune of "Noel, Noel"; something like this:

"No-o eggs, No-o eggs, No-o eggs today!
Please, someone, take this absurd stuff away!"

But one breakfast, in this new life, there came two fried eggs on my tray. Eggs fresh from hen-quarters. Eggs with hearts of molten gold. And I thanked God for the glory of fresh eggs.

It was a grand new life. And for a time I thought it was my own, to do with as I pleased. But, waking one morning about half-past two, or maybe even three o'clock, I knew it was not mine at all. I woke with majestic words echoing and re-echoing in my mind. I found a pencil and a piece of paper, and made haste to write them down.

"I am as a stone in Your hand, O Lord. Drop me not into the dirty street nor hurl me from You into the abyss. Keep me close, 'til You have need of me."

Stones Cry Out!

That came, I thought, from the jokes about my kidney stones, and about the patron saint of stone cutters. But, I also considered, no matter what mental processes had produced those words — if they were indeed so produced — there was truth in them. I was no longer I. I was a stone in the hand of God. My life was no longer mine to live as I could. It belonged to Him.

There seemed something miraculous in this. Seven or eight years ago I had been brought into this same hospital with a heart that was tired and weak. The doctor said he didn't know whether I'd live twenty minutes or twenty years. Now that heart had been strong enough to with-

stand two major operations within less than two months. And the doctors had pronounced it "perfect!"

Perhaps the words were inspired.

They reminded me of passages in Scripture, yet I was sure they had never been written, or spoken before. I said them over and over to myself. And, presently, other words, equally majestic and equally strange to me, came to join them.

Work For A Stone

"Roll me down the mountain sides of the world as a warning; that sinners may beware the avalanche of Your anger and flee to the shelter of Your mercy."

"Skim me over the waters, shallow and deep, to Your heart's content; that all the ponds and pools and lakes and seas may be aware of You."

"Tap with me on the millions of mystic window panes; that sleepy-heads everywhere may be awakened to Your love."

"Use me as a weapon against the vicious wolves that eye Your sheep."

"I know not, Lord, what sort of stone I am — granite or quartz or common sand stone — nor whether I am pebble-shaped, or flat, or jagged and sharp. But I know that You, who made all stones — and pressed rich veins of ore into many of them — will harden me to Your purposes and shape me to Your ends."

"It is good to lie thus in Your hands — waiting."

A Happy New Year!

A great many people rushed into this new life of mine. Old friends and new. Brothers and sisters and sons and daughters and grandchildren. People who had Masses said for me. People who telephoned. People who called to see me. People who sent me letters and "get-well" cards. Priests and laymen — and a couple of holy bishops.

There is a mountain of mail waiting for me to gain strength enough to move it.

Maybe I can reach some of my correspondents through this little eddy.

A new life and a new year! God grant you all the same joy of life I have received. And may you also know the serenity of being wholly His.

Madonna House Outer Circle Letter No. 128

By Catherine Doherty

Growth is the sign of life. It is good to feel alive, for most assuredly, under the gentle direction of Mary, the gracious Mother of God, the Apostolate of Madonna House is growing along all lines, and with it our paper, RESTORATION, for, as you notice, starting this month it comes to you in a larger format.

Since we have more space, and since Holy Poverty yet walks with us (she seems to grow too) it occurred to us that we would save much postage, and make it easier for you too, if we "transferred" our OUTER CIRCLE LETTER to the new, bigger Restoration. So here we are.

Behind this Outer Circle Letter lies a story, which, I think, bears repeating for the sake of our new readers who do not know it and our old ones who may have forgotten it.

Way back in 1943, when Eddie and I, as newly-weds, lived in a one-room apartment on the near North Side of Chicago, a district of boarding houses, cabarets, night clubs, and all-night stands, and I journeyed daily to Friendship House in the South Side, many people — waitresses, writers, newsmen, lawyers, street-sweepers, college youths, matrons, married couples, denizens of skid row, and vivid characters from around about — took to dropping in on us for a cup of coffee and a chat, strangely enough, about God and the things o' God.

Our one-room and bath — and tiny kitchenette — was always open to all. It was soon decided to have a special night for all these people that we might discuss these vital truths in a more orderly way.

Friday night it became, with our friends bringing their own coffee and cake to go with it. The talks began around about 8 p.m. and lasted often into the late (or early hours) of the night. Soon, unbelievable as this may seem, about forty people crowded into our small room every Friday night. No more could possibly find room.

Priests took to dropping in, and made these evenings even more alive and interesting. The crowd grew, until there was no room at the Dohertys' to hold them even with the door open. Then our beloved friend and Pastor, Monsignor Joseph Morrison of the Cathedral Parish, offered us the

(Continued on Page Four)

THE JOYFUL MYSTERIES OF OUR LADY'S ROSARY

There is a Rosary that all should say
For it would change the course of days;
The face of earth would be renewed
And peace would reign
If it were said.

The Annunciation

A woman sits alone and weeps
Such bitter tears
Over the fruit of sin
That grows within her womb . . .
A woman sits and smiles and feels
The fruit of sacramental love
Take flesh within her womb . . .
A woman sits as cold as stone
And barely feels the sword of pain
That pierced her soul
For she had lost her lover and her man
That death had snatched from her arms
And now the child that grows within her womb
Is also the sword within her soul.
—And yet, wherever woman sits with child,
There comes our Lady of the Annunciation
And into their hands falls a bead as light,
As foamy white,
As was her soul.
—And then the same bead falls
Within the hands of all
Who understand and love and pray
For women with child.

The Visitation

Through lonely roads and stormy nights,
Women dressed in dark and warm clothes,
Yet are in truth all dressed in white,
Wend their way into the night
To nurse the sick,
Bring forth the child,
Be at the bedside of all in pain.
Through busy streets
In uniform neat,
They go about, doing the same.
In strange and distant lands,
Old women and young,
On asses, and on foot,
Go forth through nights and days,
To heal the sick
And help the dying on their way.
And at each one's side,
Our Lady of the Visitation drops a bead,
That holds her tenderness
And a memory of her lonely days and nights
Upon a road.
The bead is iridescent
With all the changing lights of love and mercy
Hidden in her Immaculate Heart.

The Nativity

The moan is heard across the earth,
The moan peculiar to a woman in childbirth.
The moan becomes a cry, a lonely cry,
In a dark night or bright day,
And suddenly one cry dies
And then is born again
In a child's voice.
And everywhere
Where women give birth,
Our Lady of the Nativity
Bends low and lays into their hands
A bead that holds within it
The light of just one star—
The star of Bethlehem,
And all who pass and pause
Receive a bead like that.

The Presentation

The humble little folk
Who walk their quiet way,
Obeying all the laws little and big;
The ones whose names are never found
In the big books
That list the proud and arrogant lawbreakers
Of the land—
The little ones who understand so well and humbly
The laws of God and Church
And question not the things of God or men
Placed over them by the Lord—
See, step in step, with them
Walks our Lady of the Presentation.
In their outstretched hands
She lays a bead,
Milky white, like the breasts of pigeons,
And all those who pass by and understand,
Get one too!

The Finding in the Temple

The tears are heavy
And the loss is deep.
The child is dead.
The mother weeps . . .
The fear is great; it grips them both,
The child was lost;
It played; last seen with a red ball,
And now—
He's not here at all:
And an aroused nation has been looking,
Watching, watching,
For a boy with a red ball;
But he vanished
And a fear grips them with its unspoken dread,
The man and woman who are like dead . . .

She does not know,
She can not understand.
His kiss still lingers on her lips,
And tender words echo
From the walls that love had built.
And he is gone! Vanished!
Is there another woman?

The same can be seen the world over—
The grieving, the searching
And the fierce seeking
For the dead, the lost, the vanished.
Into their uplifted hands
The Mother of the Lord
Who found her Son in a temple
Places a bead,
Black for her sorrow,
Gold for her joy.
The two are blended
In intricate design—
But gold predominates.

Then gently she seems to lift her hands
And from above, a chain falls down,
The chain of the great caritas of God—
And lo, behold, the beads we see
Are threaded swiftly
On that chain,
And there on the hollow of their hands
Lay the Joyful Mysteries.

—Catherine Doherty

TO BE A CATHOLIC IS TO BE A MISSIONARY

By Louis Stoeckle

Whitehorse, Yukon — Set like tiny rubies in the vastness of the Yukon, sanctuary lamps are keeping vigil. Day and night they consume themselves before Christ in the Eucharist . . . symbolic perhaps of the sublime vocation of the Christian . . . to witness Christ.

Now this is an expression which deserves some consideration. We might have said "to live like Christ," or perhaps "to imitate Christ" . . . instead, we deliberately chose the phrase "to witness Christ."

We Are Witnesses

WITNESSING, by its very nature, involves three distinct groups of people. In our particular case, those persons are: the potential members of the Mystical Body of Christ, BEFORE WHOM we are bearing witness; the God-Man, who stands silent before the tribunal of man; and we baptized Catholics . . . who are to furnish the evidence.

When one stands in the witness box to be examined before a secular court, SILENCE IS NOT INTERPRETED AS ASSENT. The same is true of the Christian who faces his fellow men. His witnessing must be a positive declaration of dependence on God . . . otherwise, he is no witness at all.

Perhaps Our Lord had a like thought in mind when He said, "So let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father Who is in Heaven."

Do Not Curse

In doing this we will be fulfilling our purpose . . . the fundamental reason for our existence . . . to serve and love God . . . by first knowing Him better. We learned this in grade school . . . by heart . . . or was it BY heart? Have we implemented this truth into the reality of daily living? Then now is the time for positive action. "It is better to light one candle than to curse the darkness."

In order for this to be done effectively, the many things relating to religion which we now consider hereditary traditions must be known and grasped in such a way as to bear fruit . . . FIRST in our own lives . . . and then in the lives of others.

This is the role of the laity today. To be Apostles! To be a Catholic is to be a missionary. We are the militant Church. We are not the Church in repose."

Light-Hiders

For too long we of the laity have been diligently hiding our light under every available bushel. That same light the early Christians allowed to shine before their fellow men . . . so that it was said of them, "see how they love one another."

Bishop McGuinness of Oklahoma City recently observed, "the failure to utilize the loyalty, good will, and potential missionary zeal of our laity is the greatest and most tragic loss which the Church in America has suffered."

We tend, generally, to underestimate the possibilities of well-directed lay effort. St. Francis Xavier and his followers made use of lay Catechists. Only lately it has been pointed out that 78% of today's Japanese converts attribute their conversion in whole or in part to the influence of Catholic Friends . . . and not to the DIRECT apostolate of a missionary.

Call To Laymen

It is not a question of laymen doing the job of the priest; but rather of taking an active part in his apostolic work. The lay apostolate is nothing new in the life of the Church. It is of Divine origin. Did not Christ Himself personally send out seventy-two laymen with the special role of spreading the Faith?

At this point we quote Bishop Blomjous of Tanganyika: "The apostolate (spreading the Faith) does not depend on the sacrament of Holy Orders. The basis of the Apostolate is, first of all, the fact that we are Catholics. We have the Truth, but not just for ourselves."

"The truth has been given by God for the whole world, which means that if a man has the Truth he is obliged to pass it on to others. Every Catholic, then, who has received the sacrament of Confirmation must be an Apostle, for otherwise he is only half a Catholic. The duty of the laity today is to penetrate everywhere. That is the way the primitive Church developed . . . by penetration, even up to the palace of Nero."

Why Hold Back?

What more assurance do we need? Still we find lay men and women hesitating to enter into the field of Catholic Action. Routine, "the great stumbling block of the Christian," has entered their lives. Down through the centuries, vibrant and clear, the voice of Christ urges them onward: "Rise, let us go."

To many, the phrase, "C.A.," is misleading. Catholic Action is not simply action by Catholics

... but it is, technically, the "Participation of the laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy . . . it is trained action, mandated action, organized action. We might add that it is simply "Love in action . . ." because we know that our C.A. will be successful only in proportion to the intensity of our Love of God.

Excellent Triangle

The necessity of an alert laity has been made clear. We know that our duty lies in the lay apostolate . . . in one form or another. Where to go from here? There is no room to go into detail as regards the various fields of C.A. An active membership in the parish discussion club will serve this purpose ideally. Here we have the excellent triangle of prayer, study, and priestly guidance.

In Whitehorse there are several such study circles. "St. Paul's" group meets weekly in the members' homes. All married couples, they reserve Tuesday evening for their sessions. Friendships develop, ideas are clarified . . . a candle is lighted.

The Staff of Maryhouse, wish you, dear Reader, a year of Peace and Joy through Mary.

you had to do the one thousand stroke routine three times a day. I never knew I had so many muscles, nor that they could ache so violently for so long!

Our Heating System

Heat? Oh yes there was heat, plenty of it, IF, you brought in wood from the cold outside. Some-days it was covered with a foot or two of wonderful virgin snow. Then you took a broom and brushed the snow off, seized an axe and hit the wood pile with the wrong end of it, separating the logs one from another (they tended to freeze together). Then you took an armful and staggered to the kitchen — to fill the wood-box for the kitchen range. Then you got some more, to bring to the lovely fireplace that graced our main room (fireplaces are the coziest things in the world when YOU do not have to keep them filled with wood yourself). Then outside again, and that many times, to get the bigger logs for the wood furnace in the basement.

Mail? Yes there was a post office in the village, a mile away. The car was too expensive to run those early days, and so we walked with a sleigh, and brought the mail back on it.

Yes — Combermere seemed many light years removed from the Harlems of America — whence Eddie and Flewie and I had come. Yet, already there is a nostalgia, a sort of a warm sadness for those early "pioneering" days.

May It Continue!

The growth continues. Restoration, which was born in December, 1947, had only some two hundred subscribers, maybe two hundred and fifty. Now there are three thousand — and our aim IS FIVE THOUSAND. Then it was

unanimously, voting on that Constitution; and then, on the feast of the Presentation of Mary, presenting it to our Ordinary . . . leaving the rest to Her the MADONNA of Madonna House.

Works of Mercy

Eight years ago Restoration spoke of the works of our Apostolate as a tiny seed being buried in the sandy ground of Combermere. Today it reports the growth of that seed into a tender yet strong and shady tree. First Aid and Nursing Services have grown by leaps and bounds. The Catholic Lending Library by mail deals monthly with a 700 book turnover. The Clothing Center serves many hundreds of people a month. The children's recreation work has become the attraction not of a few but of over sixty youngsters. Some of their mothers come too, to have a social evening and to learn some new craft. The corporal and spiritual works of mercy cover a diameter of some hundred miles.

Two groups of Staff Workers have gone forth to new foundations in Edmonton, Alberta, and Whitehorse, Yukon. Invitations from Ordinaries in Nigeria, Japan, and several Canadian Dioceses are at hand, and the Training Center of our Apostolate here is well established.

It Has To Grow

Restoration must grow to keep reporting all that happens year by year in the Apostolate. But it must grow also to reach, ever deeper, the hearts of men, and to bring them the Truths of God. For every Catholic has been born to extend the Kingdom of God outside himself.

We place this growth in the Heart of Mary and Her Divine

The Trent Catechism and Holy Scripture

By
B. C. Widdowson

A short time ago I wrote an article on the "Raccolta" — that almost unworked mine of devotions which Holy Church provides for her children. This time I want to say a few things about two sources of the teaching and spirit of Catholicism which, even if not as unknown as the "Raccolta," are certainly seriously undervalued in the Church today.

There is the "Catechismus ad Parochos," usually known in English as the "Trent Catechism," which may be said to be the only corporate work ever produced by the Church for the systematic instruction of believers in the Faith.

A World Book

All other works of the kind have in the first place been private efforts, afterwards adopted by ecclesiastical authority. This even holds true of the "Catholic Catechism" put out in recent years under the imprimatur of the Vatican, and authorized for use throughout the entire world. It is common to refer to that as "the Gasparri Catechism." But nobody thinks of referring to the Trent Catechism as that of Seripandi or Pagani.

From the beginning of the Council of Trent it had been realized that the work of the council would not be fully accomplished by simply carrying out its

terest him, or which he thinks require emphasis, or which are suggested by the Mass lessons or some other current material. And also, you have not got your pastor on the doorstep to ask him questions whenever you like; in fact, he might not thank you for doing so if you had.

But the Trent Catechism is always there to give you main ideas on any part of the Faith on which you may desire information. It is authoritative too. Numberless Popes and Councils have specifically commended it. And, in fact, as the latest English translators (Fathers McHugh and Callan) say in their introduction, "after the Sacred Scriptures, there is no work that can be read with greater safety and profit."

Read The Bible

This brings us to the subject of Holy Scripture. We have all heard often enough not only that the catechism contains all the instruction necessary to salvation — which is true; but also, unfortunately, the further proposition, which is far from true, that the ordinary layman need not bother about the Bible for himself. Of course, if Catholics WILL think that they know better than the Holy Father, it is their own affair; but the fact remains that, from the time of Leo XIII onwards, the urging of Bible reading upon ALL the faithful has been a consistent plank in the Papal platform.

This papal solicitude is easily accounted for. It is a fact which is not often noticed that practically all official Church documents are written by officials for officials. Most of the faithful never read them, and would be little the wiser if they did. Holy Scripture was written FOR THE ORDINARY MAN AND WOMAN. As it has of necessity been the raw material from which theologians have deduced their doctrines, the idea has arisen that it is only theologians who are capable of reading it. But such an idea is entirely negated by the Scripture itself; and it was unheard of in the Early Church. Only as literacy dwindled with the fall of the Roman Empire was the Bible taken away from a laity who could no longer read it.

But WE are not like that: WE are not illiterate medieval peasants who have to be kept away from Scripture as a baby is from a loaded gun. And the last excuse has been taken away from Catholics of any education who do not read their Bibles, by the recent publication of the "Catholic Commentary on Holy Scripture." THERE is ALL the information you can possibly want by way of help to understanding Scripture. True, it is fifteen dollars; but what a fifteen dollars worth it is! And people find fifteen dollars fast enough when it is anything they want.

Heresies Everywhere

It is sometimes said that there is a danger of picking up heresies from unguided reading. Well, of course, if you WANT to find heresies, you will find them anywhere; but you will find them less in Scripture than elsewhere: even heresiarchs usually invent their heresies first and then go to the Bible to find excuses. As a matter of personal experience, though I have found several people led to be more orthodox in a heretical environment through reading Scripture, I have never met with any case of the opposite happening. No! what Bible reading is the enemy of is not orthodoxy, but that narrow concern with only one aspect of the Faith that is already on the road to heresy, and has heresy's power of spiritual paralysis, even if no formal heresy is ever committed.

The theologian reads scripture as the raw material for theology. But we of the laity are not particularly concerned with that: to take that responsibility off our shoulders is one of the things for which the Church exists, and for which a Protestant convert is very grateful.

What we read Scripture for is to know at first hand the story of God's revelation of Himself to mankind; and above all to learn what was the human character that God made for Himself when He became incarnate.

Further, even though the formulating of theology is not our business, the learning of the formulae and the applying of their meaning to our spiritual lives is our own most urgent business. And this is often made difficult by the fact that the language of religion and everyday language are not at all the same.

The Hell We Say

When we recite the Creed, we say, "descended into hell" — and that was true centuries ago; but now "hell" has come to mean exclusively the place of eternal punishment, which is not at all what it means in the Creed. And again, when asked about the Nature of God, we reply in the correct form, "Three persons in

(Continued on Page Four)



In this issue The Most Rev. Bishop J. L. Coudert, Vicar Apostolic of the Yukon Territory, asks for volunteers in the lay apostolate of Madonna House. Here are three of our lay apostles already in the Yukon, the eyes and ears and hands and feet of the bishop and the missionary priests. They went from Madonna House in the truck you see above. It is called "Mickey." These lay missionaries are from left to right, Mr. Louis Stoeckle of Toronto, Mrs. Kathleen O'Herin of Chicago, and Miss Mamie Legris of Dacre, Ont. Miss Legris is in charge of this far away unit of Madonna House.

THE B's CORNER

As I write this column my mind goes back to December, 1947, when Restoration was born. It was about a year after the Madonna House Apostolate itself had begun, in Combermere, by the shores of the lovely Madawaska.

What a strange year that was! Filled with much work "of our hands," for there was the BIG six-roomed house to settle in, floors and walls to paint, gardens to start, a whole community to get acquainted with, and a whole new apostolic perspective to acquire.

Far, Far Away

Definitely, Combermere was a hundred light years removed from the Harlems of America, whence, Eddie, and Flewie (Miss Grace Flewelling — one of the original pioneers of Friendship House) and I had come. Overcrowdedness there was none here. Endless vistas of forests, mountains, and valleys could be seen from our windows but houses were far off and few. Only when we became more familiar with the whole countryside did we discover how many people lived in "the bush" that presented at first such an aloof and lonely air to us.

Telephone? Yes there was an old fashioned telephone on our wall, but it seldom rang, nor could we use it much even in emergencies, for it was always "out of order." Electricity? None. Oil lamps. Yes. Plenty. To clean and fill daily, especially in the short days of winter. Water systems? Oh there was a grand one in our house, BUT only a hand pump to fill the huge tank with water. One thousand strokes, back and forward, and you had water. If you wanted it all day —

a "small little paper" now it is a BIG little paper. At least it shows its growth with this issue. It has grown with the apostolate. Now the six-roomed house is almost an immensity, for two whole wings have been added to it — the chapel wing and the kitchen wing. And it has mothered a whole flock of other houses, so that, in truth, we should call ourselves Madonna Village — for what with, St. Catherine, St. Martha, Blessed Martin De Porres, St. Ann, St. Joseph, St. Peter, and St. Veronica — all names of houses and cottages that form part and parcel of "Madonna House" — we are quite grown up! Yet not quite — because our growth still continues and at such a fast rate that many more buildings will have to be put up soon.

Secular Institute

Restoration has reflected this physical growth, as it has recorded the growth of the Apostolate. For where there were just three of us — Eddie, Flewie, and I, there are now THIRTY-NINE Staff Workers and Staff Worker Applicants (probationers), and many Visiting Volunteers clarifying their vocation to our Apostolate. For that too happened — the clarification of our own VOCATION — and Restoration faithfully preserves in its pages the story of that clarification. My trip to Rome. My long conversation with Monsignor Montini, then Papal Secretary of State, now Archbishop of Milan. His urgent and clear advice for us to consider applying through the hands of our good Bishop William J. Smith, to the Holy Father for approbation as a Secular Institute. My return home. My report on this matter to our Ordinary, and then the long years of clarification and of writing a Constitution based on the Papal Documents for Secular Institutes. And finally, and

Son, from whom all fecundity, all life, and all growth stems; and in your hands dear friends, who also are the instruments of His grace.

Will you help us to grow in love of God and men by your prayers — and in service to God and men — by your subscriptions?

SUBSCRIBE FOR YOURSELF . . . AND FOR YOUR FRIENDS . . . AND ASK THEM TO DO LIKEWISE. LET US ALL GROW IN CHRIST AND MARY TOGETHER.

To Convert Russia

A friend in Jersey City has sent Restoration a thin blue pamphlet entitled, "The Perpetual Rosary Apostolate of Our Lady of Fatima for Peace," a long title for such a little publication. It suggests that we must not forget Our Lady's warning at Fatima: —

"I am the Lady of the Rosary . . . I come to ask the consecration of the world to my Immaculate Heart . . . When my Immaculate Heart triumphs the world will have peace . . . Say the Rosary always . . . if my requests are granted, Russia will be converted and there will be peace. If not, she will scatter her errors throughout the world, provoking wars and persecutions of the Church."

The pamphlet is the work of the Perpetual Rosary Apostolate, 800 Bergen Ave., Jersey City 6, N.J. This apostolate is an army arrayed for peace. It is armed only with the Rosary. Maybe you would like to join its ranks. Its motto is "Let us devote part of each day to Our Lady of the Rosary of Fatima, preferably one half hour for recitation of the Rosary and meditation."

vast task of defining the whole of the Faith. It was also necessary to do something so that that Faith should be brought within the knowledge of the members of the Church. But nothing practical was done until the immense success of the Catechisms of St. Peter Canisius proved that something of this sort on the Catholic side could be really effective against the heretical Catechisms with which Europe had been flooded.

During the concluding years of the council the work was put in hand and partly achieved: but as it remained incomplete, the finishing of it was handed on to successive Popes. It was finally published by Saint Pius V, after most complete and complicated revision and polishing.

The work was intended in the first place for parish priests, for them to pass the material on to their flocks in the form of sermons. (As you know, it was only at this time that the seminary system got started: and many priests were as a result quite badly instructed.) But since the matter is so intended, and not directed simply to the personal edification of the priests themselves, it is an admirable book for the laity, and in particular for systematic reading in the family (I know that, because I have done it).

See St. So and So

It is true that occasionally there will be some such sentence as, "abundant matter on this topic will be found in Saint Someone's treatise on So-and-So." But this is always additional, and does not in the least diminish the usefulness of the book.

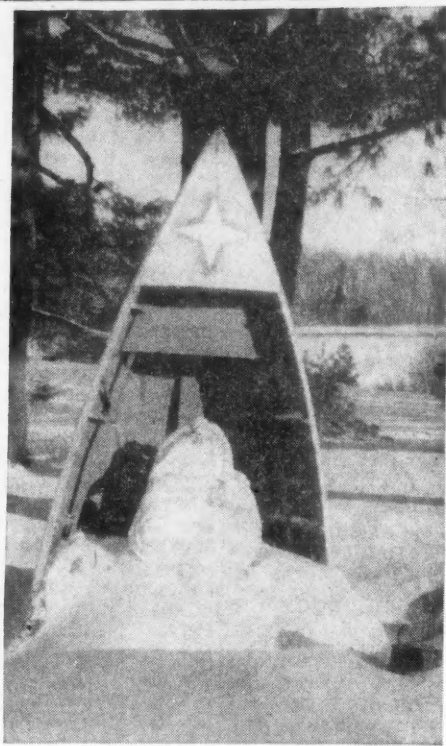
Of course, you may say, "I hear sermons enough." But you must remember that unless your pastor possesses a very systematic mind, he is likely to preach mostly of the parts of the Faith which in-

Self-Surrender

By A. Slave

Lady! Queen! Mary!
A holy priest has come and told me
It is You.
I heard the gentle knocking
But free will was playing holiday
And there, instead, stood selfishness,
Black-masked, against the door
That should have let You in.
Queen of the Universe,
Forgive!
Come!
Enter this stunted soul
That should — a score of years ago —
Have welcomed You.
Break down the walls
Of pride and vanity.
Demand the monster "self"
To scurry in the dark.
Take me!
I surrender
Totally, to Thee.
You are the Mistress now!
Of what?
Of this scrub garden plot
Which is my soul.
O hasten, Powerful One!
Transform this tundra
Into fertile plain.
Command a second spring
To blossom forth again
With leaves and flowers.
Song birds on every branch
Will sing my thanks,
And praise in one grand symphony
The Mother of Divinity.
Bid Your Son and Joseph
Do some carpentry.
Tell them I want a throne
Erected in my soul—
And I would place You,
Vision Beautiful—
Rare Jewel of the Trinity—
Upon it.
Ever to adorn it
With all your grace and beauty
Of Queenly Motherhood.
And all about your throne
A carpet strewn
Of marguerites—
Those little petaled worlds
That children love to pluck.
Mary!
Mystical Rose!
Slave!
Spouse of the Crimson Dove!
Teach me to live.
Teach me to love
As You do—
To give and give and give.
Lend me your heart
To make mine soft as velvet
When Jesus comes
Across the whiteness of the Host
To play
At break of day.
And when He's tucked out with play,
Nourish Him
With your warm virginal milk.
Fondle and caress Him
In my soul—
Till He will rest in quiet slumbers.
But I'll know He's there
For You, His Mother,
Placed Him in my heart-crib.
And while the sunset grows
From gold to all the hues
Of nature's lavish spread,
I'll nestle in your arms
And You will tell me stories—
Wordless tales
Of how You love the God of Love—
Till it is time for bed.
Thus, day by day,
I'll consecrate to You,
Immaculate,
My entire being
Body, soul—with all its faculties.
To You ALONE I render
This total self-surrender.
Inscribe, O Sovereign Queen,
In letters not of time,
That I am Yours forever
And You are mine.
The secret is won!
God the Father sees it
And smiles down caressingly
On a little slave-sister
And her Brother
With Mary,
Their incomparable Slave-Mother!
—A.M.

ADDRESSES

of our
Canadian branches:MADONNA HOUSE,
COMBERMERE,
ONTARIO, CANADA.MARIAN CENTRE,
10528 - 98th STREET,
EDMONTON, ALTA.,
CANADA.MARY HOUSE,
WHITEHORSE,
YUKON TERRITORY,
CANADA.

January snows covered up the figures of The Holy Family in the half-boat shrine facing the blue Madawaska. But the feast of the Holy Family was kept at Madonna House notwithstanding.

OUTER CIRCLE LETTER

(Continued from Page Two)

use of the parish Library Room, which had a kitchen attached!

We gratefully transferred our Friday Nights to it. Now the "Outer Circle of Friendship House," as it was then called, really grew. At times a hundred or more people came to its discussions. Many brought out-of-town friends and visitors. These would attend maybe one or two sessions then return from whence they had come. And many wrote to me, asking me to tell them what had been the topic of the discussions they could not attend. Soon I found myself writing far too many personal letters.

It was then that someone suggested the OUTER CIRCLE OF FRIENDSHIP HOUSE, a mimeographed resume of our Friday Night topics. I tried it out. The response was most amazing. From the 25 to 35 letters I used to write weekly, the number to be mimeographed jumped to 150, then in a few months to 200, then to 300, then to 500. Soon it was over 2,000.

By this time both the meetings and letters were following a very set pattern. We first took the Baltimore Catechism and studied it thoroughly. Next came, for special attention, the Commandments, the Beatitudes, the Counsels of Perfection. The hunger of men for God and the truths of God grew with studying.

On we went, to Mass, the Apostolate of Catholic Action, Prayer in all its wondrous ways and forms, and Vocations until we reached "the Family," and completed it. Meantime, in 1947, we came to Madonna House, in Combermere, and placed ourselves and the apostolate in the hands of Mary, the Queen of Heaven and Earth. Thus the Outer Circle Letter of Friendship House became the Outer Circle Letter of MADONNA HOUSE.

Until just recently it was sent through the mails. That was expensive, and as requests for it kept growing the expense increased. Restoration was the answer. The paper is bigger now. So, from now on, those interested in the Letter will get it with their subscription to Restoration, for it will be part and parcel of the paper.

I would like very much to hear from our readers and find out the next topic they want me to write about. Check the ones that have been already written and tell me what truly interests you. I would be glad to hear about any topics you would like to discuss in this column. DO WRITE, PLEASE, AND TELL ME.

WE THANK ALL OUR READERS FOR THE LOVELY CHRISTMAS CARDS SENT TO US IN SUCH A BEAUTIFUL ABUNDANCE... AND WE WISH EACH AND EVERY ONE A HOLY HAPPY NEW YEAR IN THE LORD. WE ARE SORRY NOT TO HAVE BEEN ABLE TO ANSWER ALL THE CHRISTMAS CARDS... HOLY POVERTY, AGAIN WOULD NOT ALLOW US ENOUGH FOR POSTAGE STAMPS... WE OFFERED OUR HUMBLE PRAYERS FOR ALL... INSTEAD.

Looks at Books

ST. THERESE AND HER MISSION, by Abbe Andre Combes, P. J. Kenedy & Sons, 241 pages, \$3.50 U.S.A. Translated by Alastair Guinan.

This remarkable book reminds one of the Magi. At first only the humble shepherds came to adore the Child, the common people, the unlearned. Later came the wise men from the East, the three kings, the immortal Magi.

Abbe Combes, a tremendous theologian, is one of the Magi paying reverence to the "Little Flower," and writing profoundly about "the basic principles of Theresian spirituality." Some people used to say, "Therese? Oh, she's too sweet for me." Others agreed with St. Pius X that she was "the greatest saint of modern times," although few could say wherein, exactly, lay her greatness. They loved her just because she was so much in love with God.

Those reading the Abbe's book, ably translated, will find not only why Therese is great, but why she should be loved, and imitated.

THE CASTLE AND THE RING by C. C. Martindale, P. J. Kenedy & Sons, 280 pages, \$3.75 U.S.A.

Some of the gold given the Infant Jesus by the Magi was made into a ring, and the ring came down, through various adventures, into modern day England. Fr. Martindale is not much concerned with plot, and some of his characters are vague. But the story gives him a chance to introduce a number of great saints — if only for short visits. The charm of the story to this particular reviewer, is the author's beautiful devotion to Our Lady. For that alone the book is well worth what it costs.

SALT OF THE EARTH, a book about monks, by Andre Frossard, P. J. Kenedy & Sons, 160 pages, \$2.50 U.S.A.

A humorous and instructive tome meant for those who would like to know more about monks. It is illustrated with modern wood-cuts. The translator is Marjorie Villiers.

PIERRE TOUSSAINT, by Arthur and Elizabeth Sheehan, P. J. Kenedy & Sons, 242 pages.

The biography of a saintly Negro slave born in Haiti. He lived in New York City most of his life — from 1787 to 1853. He worked hard to support his owners, and to give alms to others. The story is well told, and should be an inspiration not only to all Negroes but to all Christian men.

WHAT THE CHURCH GIVES US by Rt. Rev. James P. Kelly and Mary T. Ellis, P. J. Kenedy, 150 pages, \$2.50 U.S.A.

Those who want to know what the Catholic Church teaches, and the role that is hers to play in the world, will find great treasure in this book. Cardinal Spellman, in his foreword, adds that Catholics will find something too—"refreshing reminder of the truths learned in the catechism of childhood and adolescence."

THE STORY OF THE ROSARY, by J. G. Shaw, Bruce, 166 pages, \$2.25 in U.S.A. Many years ago, after the return of a great explorer, the New York Times — which had bought exclusive rights to the man's story — made journalistic history by committing the world's most negative headline in bold type across the top of its front page. It said:

"NO LIFE AT NORTH POLE!"

If it had said "IRON DOES NOT FLOAT" it could have been no more sensational. The great daily, having awakened thus once from its great slumber, went almost immediately back to its profound sleep; and has never been quite so controversial again.

One is reminded of this historic bit of newspaper rivalry by reading Jim Shaw's book. Only the book is not quite so negative as the headline. Jim set out to debunk the myth or legend or tradition — call it what you will — that St. Dominic received the Rosary from the hands of Our Lady. And, though he does a creditable job of debunking, he still does not succeed in discrediting St. Dominic. Neither has he proved the legend is true. But then, of course, like any other good reporter, Mr. Shaw wrote only such facts as he had managed to unearth. He was motivated only in getting the story. He got it. And he wrote it well.

He's a good reporter and we're proud of him. We recommend the book. And we recommend the Rosary too.



TRENT CATECHISM

(Continued from Page Three)

One God." Yet if in reciting that formula we mean by "person" anything like what we mean by the word in our ordinary speech, we are heretics of no ordinary badness: even though we may not be as frank as the schoolboy who innocently asked the priest who was instructing him, "why are there only three Gods?"

The reading of Scripture will enable us to avoid difficulties like these. We shall see how the various ideas appear in the inspired record and that will enable us to see what the catechetical formulae mean. It is the business of those who instruct us to see that we use the right forms: but it is not vital to their work to make sure that we mean the right things by the right forms. That is, in the home, the work of parents instructing their children. They will be able to tell what the child means — or whether he means nothing at all! — in a way that no teacher can.

With adults, it is our own responsibility. We are under no legal obligation to read either the more detailed systematic instruction of the Trent Catechism, or God's own letter to us (as Saint Augustine said) in Holy Scripture. But both are evident means of grace: and the path of neglect of obvious means of grace is not the path that leads to the Beatific Vision.

EXTEND THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST!
BRING KNOWLEDGE OF GOD TO MEN!
HELP OUR APOSTOLATE OF CATHOLIC ACTION!
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PLEASE HELP US TO REACH OUR GOAL!
SUBSCRIBE TO RESTORATION!
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To Jose

By
Catherine de Vinck

I love you, Christ-Bearer,
through your burning days,
I love your giving hands,
your hands of power,
Giving birth with tools to beauties that you dream;
Your hands so sensitive that lead the singing brooks,
And play with leaves and rest on living branches.
I love you in the rain and in the wind,
And I will dance for you my dance of love
For this short time we are on earth together,
But I love you better than for close and mortal joys,
For the healthy wheat of children we bring forth
As prayers rising toward God.
I love you more than for your gifts and for my Peace:
I love you for the One you bear, so radiant and clear;
I love you for the One who carries us
In His unending love.
I love you now
As my companion of eternity.

Reply To
A Love Note

By Dot Hoogterp

Thank you so much for saying that you love me,
For giving me a chance to say I love you too—
And grant us both the grace that comes from loving,
The strength to do the work that Love can do.

God grant the radiance of a blessed friendship
May leave its happy glow upon our face,
That strangers smile and come to see Our Lady
Because they found her children "full of grace."

God grant the Charity that never faileth,
Is not puffed-up, and seeketh not her own,
That even more than Hope and Faith prevaileth
Because in Heaven it shall remain alone.

God grant St. Paul may shower light upon us
That through his prayer God's love to all may flow;
And men may pause and turn to our Great Lover
Because these Christians love each other so!

PSYCHIATRIST PRAISES

(Continued from Page One)

imbue their work with true humanity. I am sure that this is not only their own personal merit but also the merit of the atmosphere in which they were trained, and the merit of those who trained them. When it comes to the human approach to the patient I can learn more from nurses than they can learn from me.

Our Life,
Our Sweetness,
And Our Hope!

"Over the gates of hell, as described in Dante's Inferno are written these words: 'Abandon hope all ye who enter here.' It's a terrifying inscription, yet terribly appropriate. For the damned are not merely those who suffer torments. The damned are those who suffer without hope. Not all the damned are in hell. Millions of them are walking about the earth. They are already damned because they have stopped hoping. And while they await God's final sentence, they are busy building little hells of their own."

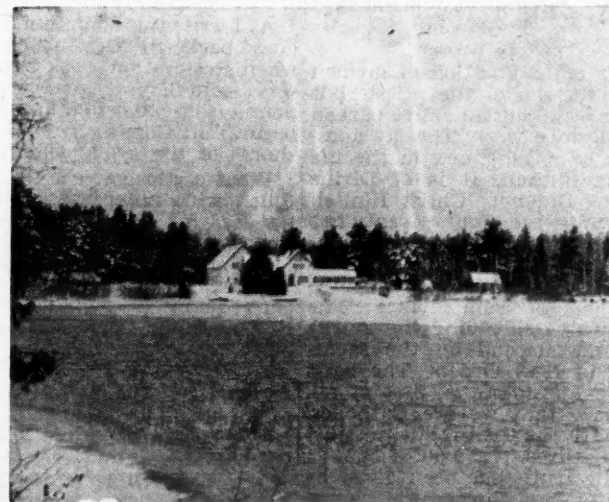
That's the way Father T. Smith Sullivan's book, "Our Lady of Hope," begins its story of Mary's apparition at Pontmain, France, in January, 1871.

"Despair," says Father Sullivan, an Oblate of Mary Immaculate, "or want of hope, is nothing new in the world. But at few times in history has it been as widespread as it is today. The age we live in has been called the 'age of anxiety.' And what wonder? The century of progress has turned out to be a century of war and revolution. Science and technology, which promised us heaven on earth, have given us the hydrogen bomb and the threat of universal destruction."

"The alarming prevalence of nervous diseases, of alcohol and drug addiction, of broken homes and juvenile delinquency, is but a symptom of the mass anxiety arising from the insecurity of the times. There are those who claim that western civilization is dying. If this be true, it is dying from want of hope..."

"Only hope can save us. And if we want hope, we must turn to Mary."

"Hope begins with Mary." This "devotional treatise," a Grail publication, is dedicated to "Mary, Mother of Hope, in whose chaste womb Eternal Hope became incarnate."



This is Madonna House seen from the Church of the Holy Canadian Martyrs, and of the Sacred Heart. The Chapel is seen on the left. On the far right is the snow-covered roof of St. Veronica's. Far to the right, and entirely out of the picture, is St. Catherine's, the house that welcomes visiting priests.

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